

THAW HEARD "VOICES," IT IS ALREADY ASSERTED IN EFFORTS TO PROVE HIM INSANE

VARIOUS VIEWS OF EVELYN NESBIT THAW, FOR WHOM YOUNG MILLIONAIRE SAYS HE KILLED WHITE



THAW BROODED ON WRONG HE ASCRIBED TO WHITE

The crux of the tragedy was explained by one of Thaw's friends to-day, who asserted that the murder was committed on the anniversary of Evelyn Nesbit's betrayal by White.

After throwing her arms about her husband's neck and kissing him as he was led off to the station-house, Mrs. Thaw jumped into an automobile and disappeared. The police searched all night for her.

Thaw's mental attitude at the time of the murder is indicated by his colloquy with Policeman Anthony L. Debes, who arrested him.

"As Thaw stepped down out of the elevator in custody of the fireman, I stepped up to him," said Policeman Debes. "Did you do this?" I said. And he says to me, 'Yes, I did it. That man ruined my wife!' I won't be sure whether he said 'wife' or 'life.' Then he went on, saying:

"That man ruined my home. I guess he won't ruin any more homes. Is he dead?" I told him he was. "I'm damned glad I made a good job of it," he says. Then he shut up like a clam.

"A woman, who, I have since learned, was his wife, rushed up and threw her arms about his neck, crying, 'Oh, Harry, Harry, I didn't think you would do it that way.' 'It's all right. It's all right,' he told her as he patted her on the back. Then she whispered something in his ear and jumped into an automobile with another man and rode away.

"A crowd of women out of the audience got around him and began shaking his hand and sympathizing with him. 'Why did you do it?' they kept asking and butting in until I shooed them away. As we walked over to the station-house past the Holland House, the cabmen there all knew him and tipped their hats to him.

Thaw Cool in Station-House.

In the station-house, after Thaw had passed the ordeal at the sergeant's desk, he was led into the assembly room, where he threw himself on a bench, cocked his hat back on his head and lighted a cigarette.

"Why did you do it?" asked the reporter.

"I saw that damned scoundrel sitting there, big, fat and healthy, and there she was all pale and trembling and nervous," said Thaw in an abstracted way, less in answer to the question than as if he were describing out loud some painful mental picture.

"How did you happen to do it?" was asked.

"We were all at a party in Martin's," Thaw said. "You can find out the names of the others there, but I was sitting some distance from my wife. Suddenly I saw her get very pale and begin to shiver, and I thought she was ill.

"I made a motion to inquire what was the matter and she called a waiter and wrote a note which she sent around the table to me.

"The note said, 'The dirty blackguard is here.' Then I turned and saw that fat scoundrel sitting there, big and healthy, and then I saw her and how she was."

Thaw would not add a word to this.

"Have you always made it a practice to carry a pistol?" he was asked. "I never used to do so," he answered, gazing hard at the questioner.

"Did Mr. White make any motion to attack you?"

"What?" said Mr. Thaw. The question was repeated.

Thaw nodded his head in the affirmative.

He told the desk sergeant his name was "John Jones," his occupation "a student" and his address "No. 21 Lafayette Square, Pittsburg."

"No. 21 Lafayette Square" is the house number of the old Don Cameron mansion in Washington, D. C., where Senator Hanna once lived, and the Thaws occupied the house at the time of his sister's engagement to the Earl of Yarmouth.

"Is this man drunk?" the sergeant asked.

"O, sir, he don't appear to be at all in that way," responded an officer. He was searched and \$166 in bills, \$2.50 in change, a leather purse containing several blank checks, a gold watch, a gold match safe and several of his cards inscribed "Harry Kendall Thaw" were taken from him. While the search was going on he turned to the group of reporters and asked for a cigar. Some one proffered a package of cigarettes and he accepted them with thanks.

Thaw Waits for His Lawyers.

"I will have no statement to make, gentlemen, until I see my lawyers," he said to the reporters, as he was led back. After he was locked in a cell he called Doorman James Barrett and said:

"I'm very thirsty. Have you anything to drink?"

The doorman filled a tin can with ice water and brought it to him, tilting it for him so that he could sip it through the bars of his cell. Thaw drank as eagerly from the tin pail as he would from a Bohemian glass goblet.

"That's very good," he said. "Have you a cigar, doorman?"

Barrett tendered him a cigar. When he lighted it, he said:

"That's a mighty good cigar, I've heard policemen's cigars were pretty rank." Barrett says he smoked the cigar nervously.

The doorman, who was taking no chances on his distinguished prisoner, kept peering back and forth in front of the cell at frequent intervals. He was surprised when Thaw asked him for another cigar. He got it.

"That's not as good as the other," he remarked, as he puffed at the new weed. "But I'm much obliged. I ought not to be so particular."

Then, to the doorman's surprise, he took off his collar and the and his coat and, folding it into a pillow, placed it under his head and stretched out on the wooden bench in the cell and dozed off.

The murderer's nap was interrupted by the arrival of Coroner Dooley

and Capt. Hodgins. The Coroner tried to get a statement from him, but he declined to talk until he had seen his lawyers.

"Where is your wife?" asked the Coroner.

"Don't worry about her," he said. "She's a tramp and will stick by me. She'll turn up when she is wanted. But I don't want you to disturb her for the present. There's no use running after her to-night."

Eyes Shifty and Bleared.

After leaving the cell Coroner Dooley said: "We found Thaw stretched out on a plank making himself comfortable. He seemed very calm, but his eyes were shifty and bleared."

"Did his eyes indicate any mental disorder or the possible use of drugs?"

"Neither. The man was perfectly rational. Now that I have seen the prisoner and examined several witnesses of the shooting, I am satisfied that it was a very deliberate murder—the most deliberate in my official experience. I have ordered that Thaw be arraigned in Jefferson Market Court and then produced before me in the Criminal Court Building."

But toward daylight the man's mental and physical attitude changed. He awoke from his sleep and began nervously pacing his cell. His eyes were set and glazed, like the eyes of a dead man, and his yellowed fingers twitched until he could not hold his everlasting cigarette.

"I hear a woman's voice, but I am glad I killed him," he kept saying to the doorman. "Why do I hear that voice?"

In a little while William Thaw, his half-brother, saw him, and then he became quieter.

Sees Burr McIntosh.

He was calm enough also an hour later when Burr McIntosh, his close friend, was admitted to his cell. McIntosh had applied twice for the privilege of seeing the murderer before Capt. Hodgins decided to let him in.

As soon as McIntosh saw Thaw he ran to him and embraced him. Inspector Schmittberger, who was present, thought that McIntosh loved Thaw, but of that part he wasn't certain. The two men were allowed to talk together a few minutes.

Except Dan O'Reilly, whom he retained for his arraignment to-day, Thaw saw no other persons in the station except his half-brother and Burr McIntosh. He asked several times that word be sent to Louis and F. B. Delafield, to Judge Hornblower and Joseph H. Choate.

Police Scatter Crowd.

Outside the station was a horde of well-dressed men from the Broadway

cafes, all claiming to be Thaw's friend. Toward daylight the reserves made them disperse.

Soon after dawn a prisoner crazed with drink was put in the cell next to Thaw. He began whooping at the top of his voice.

The madman's yelling was the finishing stroke that was needed to tear pieces Thaw's tangled nerves.

"Say," he finally said to the doorman, "can't you move that man? He annoys me greatly."

Doorman Barrett took the drunken man to a cell in another tier.

Roundsman Howe talked to Thaw soon after the arrest.

"Did you hit your man?" asked Howe.

"I sure did. I hit him twice," Thaw answered.

Both Inspector Schmittberger and Capt. Hodgins were positive that Mrs. Thaw was at the Garden and saw the shooting. They said they had absolute proof.

OLD CHAUFFEUR TELLS OF THAW'S QUEER ACTIONS.

MRS. WHITE LEAVES HOME FOR THIS CITY.

ST. JAMES, L. I., June 26.—Mrs. Stanford White, widow of the murdered architect, left her country home at this place on the 8 o'clock train to-day for Long Island City. She has been advised over the telephone of the death of her husband, and when she arrived at the St. James station to get on board the train she was so excited and depressed that she could not make any statement regarding the tragedy.

All inquiries at the White residence regarding the family were referred by a Miss Abbott, who is in charge, to the town house of the family, at No. 121 East Twenty-first street, New York.

There is quite a theatrical colony in St. James, and already several professional people have taken up their quarters here for the summer. The murder of Mr. White is the chief topic discussed among the summer colony, and the newspapers containing an account of the murder were eagerly bought up when they arrived here by train.

EVENING WORLD WRITERS EYEWITNESSES OF CRIME

MARTIN GREEN, of The Evening World staff, sat two tables away from the one at which White was seated when young Thaw killed him.

By Martin Green.

White seemed to know what was coming. He sat as if he expected it. Thaw, his face like marble and his eyes cold and compelling, fired his first shot at such an angle that had it missed White it would have gone into the floor. The second and third shots followed at intervals of perhaps a second. All were directed downward.

White slid off his chair all in a heap. He lay on his left side with his left arm doubled under him. His right arm lay back over his hip, the fist half clinched. His legs were so bent at the knees that the soles of his new patent leather shoes were seen by those who approached him from the rear. In an incredibly short space of time there had formed about his head and the upper part of his body a bright red layer of blood upon the gray floor. That he was dead was apparent even to the women who had flown up the stairways to the balcony and the corner towers.

As the gaze of hundreds rested on Thaw after he had fired the shots he straightened up and, extending his right arm, elevated the muzzle of the revolver in the air after the manner of one who has made a good shot and is waiting for the judgment of the referee. His face was dead white and his eyes seemed to be popping out of his head. His lips were almost black and were loose and flabby. He made a three-quarter turn, quite slowly, as if to satisfy himself that all in sight had seen him accomplish his vengeance, and then he started for the door leading to the elevators, where a woman in white and wearing a white hat was hanging to the shoulders of a man whose legs seemed incapable of bearing him away.

Thaw started for the door he "broke" his revolver—that is, he separated the cylinder from the barrel so that it could not be fired again. He waved the smoking weapon once or twice and then obediently surrendered it to a fireman who had run up to him. Half a dozen men caught him by the arms, prepared for a show of resistance, but he made no protest as he was shuffled out of sight of the crowd.

The singers on the stage were heroes and heroines and the men in the orchestra did their best. House attaches bawled "Sit down! Sit down!" but everybody was running for the door and nearly all took pains to pass the big inset figure on the floor. A waiter threw a white cloth over the body and somebody picked up a straw hat and placed it on the table alongside the partially consumed drink that Harry Thaw had interrupted.

Then the word went up Broadway that Harry Thaw had killed Stanford White, and the chorus was "I told you so."

PISTOL TALK ON STAGE JUST BEFORE SHOOTING

MR. TERHUNE, of The Evening World, was at the Madison Square Roof Garden to review the opening performance of "Mam'zelle Champaque."

By Albert Payson Terhune.

The shooting occurred at 10:58, as the final act of "Mam'zelle Champaque" was drawing to a close.

In a scene that had, a moment before, ended, E. Fowler (who played the rich plumber, Gustavus Hicks) had stridden to the footlights and (quoting one of the catch-lines employed earlier in the action) had bellowed:

"Here is the spot where the hero plays the villain!"

"We will fight with pistols!" retorted Comedian Harry Short, whom the "plumber" had just challenged. Then, as Fowler and Sylvia Starr made their exit, having spent alone on the stage, the latter began his song, "I Could Love a Million Girls."

At the conclusion of the last verse, the chorus trooped in and took up the refrain.

As they did so, three shots sounded from the southern side of the auditorium, to the left of the stage. The centre of the roof space was filled with regular theatre seats, while both sides, north and south, were occupied with tables. It was from one of these tables—about the middle of the southern group and not more than twenty feet from the Twenty-sixth street parapet, that the shots sounded.

They were fired with no haste or irregularity, but as regularly and deliberately as a boy fires a Fourth of July pistol. Indeed, such of the

audience as did not think the shots a part of the performance seemed to imagine it a boobyish prank of some sort in the street below.

For an instant the chorus kept their song and only those at near-by tables were aware of what had happened. Then a woman at the southern end of the theatre seats leaped up shrieking:

"Oh, my God!"

The auditorium was cleared in an incredibly short time. Except for the dozen or so women who swooned from fright or excitement, no one was hurt. Yet for a moment a disastrous panic had been most imminent.

Stevens Says White Had No Premonition

Harry Stevens, the Madison Square Garden and Polo Grounds caterer, was the last man to talk to Stanford White. Mr. Stevens had known Mr. White for many years and sat at the table with him for some little time previous to the tragedy.

"Mr. White," said Mr. Stevens to-day, "had absolutely no premonition of the tragedy. I don't believe he knew that Thaw was on the roof. If he did he didn't show it."

"We chatted about the show and talked about the prospects of a good engagement for the summer. Mr. White was jolly and looking as he always was. I got up and left him to attend to some business in the cafe."

"I don't think I had left his side more than seven seconds when I heard three shots. Just before that I heard some talk of shooting on the stage and thought that the shots were part of the business on the stage."

"Then I heard the singing and music die gradually away and the sounds of excitement. I hurried out and saw the man I had been talking to a minute or so before lying dead on the floor."

Kronprinz Wilhelm Due To-Day.

The North German-Lloyd Line steamer Kronprinz Wilhelm, from Bremen, Southampton and Cherbourg for New York, was in communication by wireless telegraph with the station at St. James, when the vessel was 170 miles east of the Narrows. South Shoa's lightship at 10:30 last night. She will probably reach her pier at Hoboken at about 5:15 P. M. to-day.

A Life Problem

Hurry, Hard, Nervous Brain Work

may do **No Harm**

or **Terrible Injury**

It all depends on **Food** and the mental condition.

If you find yourself growing weak, or some stomach or any other trouble is setting in, it's a sure sign you are using up more gray matter than the food replaces.

How correct it? Change diet.

Quit coffee entirely.

Breakfast on

A little Fruit.

A dish of **GRAPE-NUTS** and cream.

A soft-boiled Egg, Toast and

A cup of **POSTUM-HOT**.

There you are, nourished and happy until lunch time, and sure that you have the food the life forces use to fully rebuild the waste in gray matter in nerves and brain.

"There's a Reason."

Prove it.

Grape-Nuts.